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CEREBUS

bi-weekly

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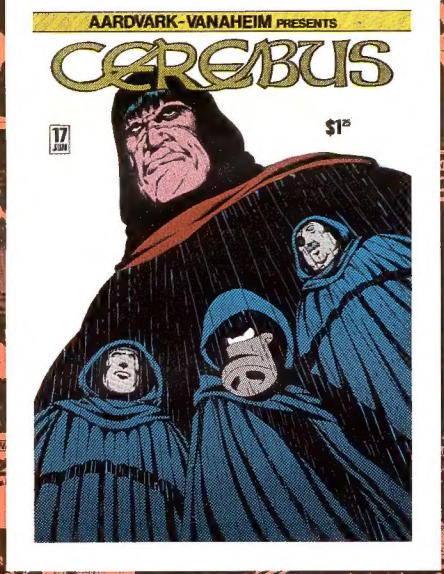

reprinting Cerebus number seventeen (1980) in its entirety

July 14, 1989

CEREBUS
bi-weekly
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CIRCULATION
14,500

DAVE SIM
President

MONIQUE KAPTEIN
Administrative Assistant

published by Aardvark-Vanaheim, Box 1674, Stn. C., Kitchener, Ontario N2G 4R2

The inside front cover of Cerebus 1 to 70 featured a 'Note from the Publisher' written by Deni Loubert. Dave Sim and Deni Loubert were married from October 6, 1978 to August 20, 1983. Deni Loubert currently resides in Long Beach, California.

CEREBUS

A Note From The Publisher

Here we are at issue seventeen already! Some days it's hard to believe how these issues go by faster and faster. Some nights when Dave and I are sitting and relaxing, we talk about how long other alternative books have lasted. Issue eighteen seems to be the big number, and it's not quite so far away now.

A few things for those of you who collect "Cerebus stuff". Our poster is now available from Now and Then Books. We have had trouble mailing them ourselves before, and Now and Then has some quite good mailing tubes. So finally we can start the business of mailing them out. By the time this issue is out, they should have everything ready for mailing. Their address is in their ad on the bottom of the Aardvarkian Age. If we find that we have room, there should be a picture of it at the bottom of the column. (the poster is 4-colour, 17¾ x 11½).

Our newsletter is also finally on the go. Fred Patten out in California is doing it. If you wish to contribute to it, there's more info on this on the letters page. For anyone who wrote to me and said that they wanted to be on the mailing list, I'm sending your name and address to him. It should be out in October, sometime. (this is not like one of our deadlines, which tend to get changed alot. Fred is experienced and a good organizer. I'm quite sure he will keep with his deadlines.)

This issue is, we hope, the beginning of a nice steady hum of CEREBUS coming out every month with only minor hassles. Dave and I are both looking forward to knuckling down and getting everything running smoothly.

This issue is, again, a continuation of the last issue. Actually, all the issues have been written that way. But on a bi-monthly schedule Dave let more time pass between issues. If we want to keep it that one of our years is one of Cerebus' years, then on a monthly schedule there is less happening between issues.

Things are progressing as well on the reprint book. Our format is pretty firm now. It will be 104 pages - issues 1-4 plus a new Cerebus story in the back that Dave is working on right now with Marshall Rogers. Dave will still do all the writing and will ink it. The book should be out by the end of July or early August, as soon as we can.

I think I've said enough this issue — if there's to be any room for the story, that is. And after all, isn't that why you're reading everything else first? To save the best for the last? So here is the best!!

Deni

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Dave and Gerhard will be attending the SCAM (Strip Cartoons & Associated Media) Convention August 12th, 13th in Conventry, England. For further information contact Paul Duncan at 011-44 203 257-221.

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The introduction below was written for **Swords of Cerebus**, six volumes of which were published reprinting Cerebus 1 to 25. It was written in 1981.

"CHAMPION"

CEREBUS No. 17 (June 1980)

I was really happy with this issue when I did it ... I'm still pretty happy with it. This was actually the time when my rendering techniques were at their peak. After this point I started moving into more stylized inking, but at this time I was still shooting for a very Hal Foster-brand of perfection having finished the Prince Valiant-influenced Silverspoon segment only a while before.

At this time I was going through a phase of watching television in the late afternoon. As Harlan Ellison has noted, late afternoon television has become a wasteland of monkey-mass situation comedies from years gone by. Happy Days, The Lucy Show, Bewitched, I Dream of Jeanie. Every major centre in North America endlessly repeats the same old shows day after day in cycles of several months. One pictures Mr Mooney, Endora, Larry Tate, Dr. Bellows and all the rest, trudging, wraith-like, awash in light blue radiation from Boston to Philadelphia, Toronto to Kingston, Walla Walla to Moose Jaw, never aging with the single purpose of sapping our intellectual will. "Plug into me" they seem to say "and you won't have to think for hours at a time".

It is this very quality ... the fact that you don't think while you're watching this stuff ... that makes it so easy to pirate characters from them for use in Cerebus. And the odd thing I noticed was that the secondary characters are always easier to steal, more inherently funny and consequently better-liked than the lead characters. Bill Daly (Roger Healy and Howard Borden) is funnier than Bob Newhart (Bob Hartley) and Tony Nelson (J.R. Ewing) rolled together.

So it was that I found myself in the odd (and I daresay unique) position of watching Hogan's Heroes and thinking simultaneously. Once I got over the novelty of it (thinking, that is), I started noticing how much I liked the Germans in Hogan's Heroes. It was something of a controversial show at the time, the charge being levelled that it diminished the Nazis to simple buffoons. In point of fact (were it not so ridiculous to ascribe intellectual thought to the show's creation) I was almost ready to see it as an insightful examination of the nature of the chain of command. Colonel Klink lived in mortal fear of any bureaucrat or S.S. officer arriving from Berlin, since any one of them could (evidently at a moment's notice) have him sent to the Russian front. Sergeant Shulz lived in mortal fear of Klink for the same reason.

None of this has much to do with the story you're about to read, but it does explain the German dialect I chose for the story.

The Commander Krull character was, on the one hand, my version of Conan the King. He was also patterned on Colonel Flagg from M*A*S*H (remember what I said about secondary characters?) Commander Krull, in addition, was the first of my characters to be living his own autobiography. I might have mentioned this somewhere else. I have come to think that most "heroes" are primarily "legends in their own minds". That is to say, while they protest endlessly that they're just doing their jobs and that any grand motivations ascribed to them are strictly the problem of certain individuals who don't know them very well, most of them actually keep careful track of their "image" on a day-to-day basis, basing their decisions, at least in part, on how it will appear in the "Legend of Me, Book Seven." These individuals can usually be picked out in a crowd by the presence of their "official biographer." This is a chap who usually doesn't get much attention until the hero is dead, at which time everyone, (somewhat naively) decides that he holds some degree of "truth" about the deceased.

In the case of the Moon Roach, the official

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biographer is a disassociated personality, and consequently more difficult to control (rather like William Manchester travelling around inside Robert Kennedy's head, privy to too many un-heroic thoughts and impulses). In the case of Krull, the biographer is really little more than a stenographer. Anyone who thinks this is a radical rather than minor caricaturing of the official biographer's role should read a few official biographies and compare them with a few unofficial ones.

The only other thing I could point out in this issue is the "rich man's dilemma" Cerebus faces when his horse breaks its leg. It would certainly have been easier for him to travel without the eight bags of gold, and considering he could have lived like a prince for months with only a half a bag, one can certainly see karma at work in the opening sequence. This was not the first time this has happened (though I noticed I didn't mention it in the narrative). Cerebus has treasure troves of gold buried all over Estarcion, under floor boards in abandoned tree stumps, etc. etc. left behind when he got tired of transporting them. Usually, as in this story, it was the lure of some new adventure that caused him to abandon what he had (though you can count on the fact that it wouldn't keep from compaining about being broke once lured away).

Champion
CEREBUS CURSED BITTERLY. HE CURSED HIS FORMER EMPLOYER LORD JULIUS FOR THE ABYSMAL QUALITY OF HIS CITY-BRED HORSES...
HE CURSED THE HORSE FOR THE CITY-BRED FEEBLENESS OF ITS RIGHT CITY-BRED FORELEG...

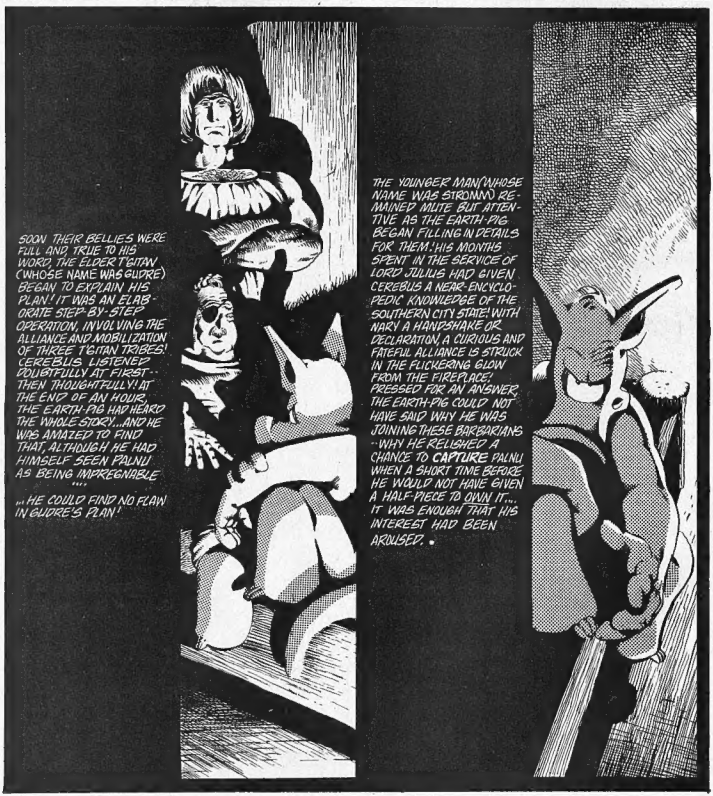
AYE, LORD JULIUS--LIKE ALL CITY-BRED DICTATORS, YOU COULD TRUST HIM ABOUT AS FAR AS YOU COULD THROW HIM
PROBABLY, HE KEPT LAME HORSES AROUND TO FOIST OFF ON UNSUSPECTING EMPLOYEES...
CEREBUS KNEW THAT HIS ACCUSATIONS WERE LARGELY SPECULATIVE (SEEING AS HOW HE HAD INVENTED THEM OVER THE PREVIOUS TWO MILES)...
BUT HE FELT SOMEWHAT JUSTIFIED BY THE FACT THAT HE WAS SOAKED TO THE SKIN, THAT HE SMELLED LIKE THE BACK END OF A HORSE WITH DISENTERY AND HIS ARM ACHED FROM DRAGGING EIGHT DAMN BAGS OF GOLD TARIM-ONLY-KNEW-HOW-MANY-MILES IN THE WORST THUNDERSTORM IN RECENT MEMORY...
RRRMBRBRRRRRRR
THE EARTH-PIG ALWAYS FOUND BLAMING AN INNOCENT SCAPEGOAT MORE SATISFYING THAN RANDOM CURSING...

BAM
BAM
BAM
BAM
SHOW YOUR EMACIATED FACE, PEASANT... I AM CEREBUS THE AARDVARK!
AND I WISH TO BUY YOUR CRUMBLING HOVEL!...
NO LODGINGS HERE, DWARF... THERE'S AN INN TEN MILES DOWN THE ROAD..
CEREBUS DOES NOT WISH TO RENT LODGINGS... CEREBUS WISHES TO BUY A HOVEL!
NOW
HAH! I OWN AN ACRE AND A HALF OF PRIME PARMOC VINEYARDS ...
WHERE WOULD AN UGLY FREAK LIKE YOU GET ENOUGH MONEY TO...
FOUR PIECES OF GOLD...
TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT...
THE HINGED WOOD PANEL SNAPS SHUT! FROM WITHIN, CEREBUS HEARS RUSTLING NOISES AND WONDERS BRIEFLY WHETHER HIS OFFER HAS BEEN REFUSED OR...

BUT, MY HUSBAND IT IS RAINING AND LITTLE THEOPHELES HAS A BROKEN LEG ...
SILENCE, WOMAN -- IT IS ONLY TEN MILES TO THE INN ...
...THE WALK WILL DO HIM GOOD...
...THREE ...FOUR...
A PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS WITH YOU, IMPOVERISHED ONE...
HE HAD LEFT PALNU THREE WEEKS BEFORE, AND IN THAT TIME HE HAD SPENT TWENTY GOLD PIECES OUT OF HIS EIGHT BAGS OF...
ACHTUNG, CITIZEN! -- VE HAFF A BUSINESS DEAL FOR YOU...
OPEN THE DOOR AND IT VILL NOT BE NECESSARY TO REMOOF YOUR ARMS AND LEGS ...
VE CAN BE VER-RY FRIENDLY IF YOU DO NOT ANG-KER US...
TARIM! IF IT'S NOT ONE THING, IT'S ANOTHER!

CEREBUS IS BUSY...
GO AWAY...
AH!
GUT MORRNING TO YOU! IF IT WOULT NOT BE TOO MUCH TR-ROUBLE, MIGHT WE USE YOUR HOFEL FOR A HEAD QUARTERS?
OUR AR RMY 1SS SOON ATTACKING PALNU ANT WE NEET SOME PLACE TO WORK ON OUR PLANS...
FIND YOUR OWN HOVEL!
TARIM! THE NERVE OF SOME OF THESE BACK-WATER MERCENARIES ...
WANTING TO MOVE INTO CEREBUS HOVEL! ...I DON'T CARE IF THEIR ARMY IS ABOUT TO ATTACK...
CEREBUS WANTS YOU TO RUN THAT BY HIM AGAIN...
...SLOWLY
AH! YOU ARE INTR-IGUED! DIS IS GUT! WE COME INSIDE AND DISCUSS IT... NEIN?

CEREBUS PONDERS THE OFFER BRIEFLY... THE ACCENT AND INFLECTION WAS T'GITAN AND HE DIDN'T RELISH ENDURING AN INTERMINABLE HARANGUE ON THE VIRTUES OF FOREST LIVING...
DO YOU HAVE ANY FOOD?
I AM AFRAIT ALL WE HAFF ISS A FEW POUNTS OF BEEF UND MUTTON AND A FEW LOAFS OF FR-RESH BREAT...
ON THE OTHER HAND, MUSES CEREBUS ONE CAN NEVER FIND OUT TOO MUCH ABOUT OTHER CULTURES...


SOON THEIR BELLIES WERE FULL AND, TRUE TO HIS WORD, THE ELDER T'GITAN (WHOSE NAME WAS GUDRE) BEGAN TO EXPLAIN HIS PLAN. IT WAS AN ELABORATE STEP-BY-STEP OPERATION, INVOLVING THE ALLIANCE AND MOBILIZATION OF THREE T'GITAN TRIBES! CEREBUS, LISTENED DOUBTFULLY AT FIRST... THEN THOUGHTFULLY. AT THE END OF AN HOUR, THE EARTH-PIG HAD HEARD THE WHOLE STORY... AND HE WAS AMAZED TO FIND THAT, ALTHOUGH HE HAD HIMSELF SEEN PALNU AS BEING IMPREGNABLE ...
... HE COULD FIND NO FLAW IN GUDRE'S PLAN!
THE YOUNGER MAN (WHOSE NAME WAS STROMM) REMAINED MUTE BUT ATTENTIVE AS THE EARTH-PIG BEGAN FILLING IN DETAILS FOR THEM: HIS MONTHS SPENT IN THE SERVICE OF LORD JULIUS HAD GIVEN CEREBUS A NEAR ENCYCLOPEDIC KNOWLEDGE OF THE SOUTHERN CITY STATE! WITH MARY A HANDSHAKE OR DECLARATION, A CURIOUS AND FATEFUL ALLIANCE IS STRUCK IN THE FLICKERING GLOW FROM THE FIREPLACE! PRESSED FOR AN ANSWER, THE EARTH-PIG COULD NOT HAVE SAID WHY HE WAS JOINING THESE BARBARIANS --WHY HE RELISHED A CHANCE TO CAPTURE PALNU WHEN A SHORT TIME BEFORE HE WOULD NOT HAVE GIVEN A HALF PIECE TO OWN IT... IT WAS ENOUGH THAT HIS INTEREST HAD BEEN AROUSED. ■

UND NOW YOU WOULT FR-ROBABLY WISH TO KNOW THE NITTY-GR-RITTY OF OUR PRESENT SITUATION
OUR FIRST TARGET WILL BE THE BORDER CITY OF FLUROC, WHICH ISS WHERE...
FLUROC? BUT THAT MEANS YOU'LL BE FACING COMMANDER KRULL... ISN'T...
R.R.R.R!
SNAP CRAK CRUNCH
SOMETHING SEEMS TO HAVE RUBBED STROMM THE WRONG WAY...
I AM VERY SORRY ABOUT YOUR CHAIR-- BAD STROMM-- BAD STROMM!
UNH! UNH! UNH!
STROMM-- IT ISS ME, YOUR PAPA! OPEN YOUR MOUTH KINDISCH...
UNH!
DOT'S DER BIG BOY-- CHUST A TINY BIT MORE!...
UNH?
SINCE HE VASS A BABY ONLY ONE WAY COULT I CONTROL HIM AND HISS TER-RIBLE TEMPER...!
MMMMMM
MITOUT ORANCHE CRREAM CANDIES, I SHUDDER TO THINK WHAT TR-ROUBLE I MIGHT HAT WITH HIM!
OUDSIDE YOU GO NOW... I HAVE SOME THINKS I WISH TO TALK ABOUT...
HE'S YOUR SON, THEN?
ACH! I FORGOT TO MENTION -- JA!-- STROMM ISS MEIN OWN LITTLE LIEBCHEN!

I MUST ASK YOU TO NOT SAY THAT NAME AROUINT STROMM...ZENZITIVE HE ISS ZINCE THE INZIDENT AT...
...GHETTY'S POINT!
EH?
VOT A RELIEF!...
NO PR-OPERTY DAMAICH THIS TIME!
I DO, HOWEFER, APOLOGIZE FOR THE DENT IN YOUR COW...
MMMM. GRIM BUSINESS THAT..
GRIM? ACH! GRIM IS NOT THE WORD FOR IT...!
FOR MONTHS, STROMM DID NOTHING EXCEPT SIT AROUND ALL DAY MOUTHING OBSCENITIES...
"AND KRULL HAD HIS TONGUE CUT OUT ON THE SPOT"
"HE ISS OUT OF RANGE" WHISPERS GUTRE. "NOW VE CAN TALK! SOME YEARS AGO AT THE GHETTY'S POINT ARMY CAMP, MY SON HAT THE BAD LUCK OF SPILLINK A DRINK ON KRULL. IT VAS PURELY AN ACCIDENT, BUT KRULL HASS NEVER BEEN THE FORGIFFING SORT, AND HE WAS DRUNK. HE DEMAINTED THAT STROMM APOLOGIZE. MY SON REFUSED..."

DOES HE KNOW THAT KRULL IS NOW IN CHARGE OF FLUROC'S DEFENSES?
BAM
I HAFF TOLD HIM NOTHING ABOUT THAT.' MY SON HASS SWORN TO HAFF REVENCH!
IF HE KNEW THAT KRULL ISS IN FLUROC, HE WOULT GO WILT-- THERE WOULT NOT BE ENOUGH ORANCHE CREAMS IN THE WORLD TO CONTAIN HIM!
WHAT ABOUT YOU?
KRULL HAS HELP FLUROC ALMOST SINGLE-HANDEDLY FOR TWELVE YEARS
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU CAN DEFEAT HIM AND CAPTURE THE CITY...?
BAM
FLUROC MAY BELONK TO KRULL ...BUT KRULL BELONKS TO LORT JULIUS...
IT ISS NOT UNLIKE A MONKEY OWNING AN ORGAN GR-RINDER, NEIN?
WELL PUT.
BAM
BAM
DANK!
LORT JULIUS HASS MOVED MOST OFF HISS TROOPS TO THE ONLIU BORDER. WITH THE MANPOWER LEFT TO HIM KRULL WOULT BE HARD-PR-RESSED TO DEFENT A DOK-HOUSE...
ALL THE SAME, IF 'THE CHAMPION OF FLUROC' WAS DE-FENDING A DOG-HOUSE CERBERUS WOULDN'T TRY TO DISLODGE HIM WITH ANYTHING LESS THAN THREE WAVES OF HEAVY CAVALRY...
BAM
BAM
BAM
JA! THIS ISS WHY I HAFF STATIONED OBSERVERS IN THE WOODS... TOMORROW WE CHOIN THEM UND FIND OUT WHAT KRULL HAGS IN STORE FOR US...
STROHM! STOP PUNCHING THAT TREE AND COME IN HERE! TOMORROW ISS A BIGGY DAY UND WE MUST GET SOME SLEEP...

THE NEXT DAY DAWNS RADIANT AND CLEAR...
UNFORTUNATELY, BY THE TIME CERBUS AND GUDRE ARE WENDING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE WOODS IT IS WET AND MISERABLE AGAIN...
CERBUS JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING. IF STROMM HASN'T GOT A TONGUE, HOW DO THE ORANGE CREAMS CALM HIM DOWN?
IT ISS THE TEXTURE HE REMEMBERS...SORT OF MAKES THINKS EASIER FOR ME...
IF I'M OUT OFF ORANCHE CREAMS, I USE ZUMTHINK ELTZE...
AN OFER-RIPE BANANA CHUNK, A LUMP OF SOGGY OATMEAL; YOU NAME IT. IF IT'S SOFT UND SQVISHY IT VILL CALM HIM DOWN.
GUDRE.
HAIL STROMM GOTT OF THUNDER!
HAIL STROMM.
GOD OF THUNDER?
ZO! VOT DEFENSIS HASS KRULL COME UP WITH TO TRY UND...
NONE.
NONE?
I KNOW.
I CANNOT BELIEF IT MYSELF ALMOST.
BUT THERE ARE NO GUARTS ON THE WALLS --NO FORTIFICASHUNTS ON DER GATES, I HAFF SEEN TREE-FORTS THAT ARE BETTER DEFENTED...

SOMETHING ISS AWAKID IN DAVIN...
KRULL KNOWS THAT VE ARE AMASSING AN ARMY-- WHERE ARE HISS TR'ICKS? SURELY HE DOES NOT INTENT TO GIFF UP MITOUT A FIGHT?
I DO NOT UNTERSTAND THIS..
NO GUARTS - NOTHINK MOVINK IN THE CITY AT ALL...
LIKE EFRYONE HASS GONE
AN EFACUATION? HOW MANY PEOPLE HAF LEFT THE CITY ZINCE...
IT ISS WINTER. THE ROAD WILL BE EMPTY FOR SEFERAL MONTHS YET...
I SAW TWO PRIESTS LEAVE THE CITY EARLY THIS MORNINK, BUT NO ONE ELTZE HASS LEFT WHILE I...
PRIESTS? DID YOU SAY TWO PRIESTS?
JA! PRIESTS ...VHY DO YOU ASK?
THESE ARE THE HIGH HOLY DAYS-- FROM MIDWINTER TO CONCORDANCE EVE...
NO PRIEST IS ALLOWED TO EAT SALTED NUTS...
COMMENT ON THE WEATHER..
OR LEAVE HIS PLACE OF MEDITATION
THEN WHO..?
CEREBUS IS WILLING TO BET IT'S KRULL AND SOME ASSISTANT
BUT... VHY?
YOU SAID LORD JULIUS WAS MOVING HIS TROOPS TO THE ONLU BORDER-- DO YOU KNOW THE ROUTE THEY ARE USING?

JA... ABOUT TWENTY MILES SOUTH OFF HERE ... AN OFFERLAND ROUTE...
AND THESE 'PRIESTS' YOU SAW WERE HEADING SOUTH AS WELL?
JA. BUT I DON'T SEE...
ONE OF THEM IS KRULL FOR SURE, THEN.
HE'S HEADING SOUTH TO DIVERT SOME TROOPS TO FLUROC... HE'LL COUNTERMAND JULIUS' ORDERS IF NECESSARY...
PERHAPPS YOU ARE RIGHT...
BUT HE WILL BE TOO LATE... VE ARE ALMOST READY TO ATTACK... AT THIS MOMENT STROMM ISS....
BUT THAT'S THE POINT... HE'S QUITE WILLING TO LET YOU TAKE THE CITY...
FOR A WHILE!
YOU'LL SLAUGHTER SOME ARISTOCRATS AND MERCHANTS -- IN KRULL'S MIND THEY'RE EXPENDABLE...
MEANWHILE HE'LL BE HEADING NORTH WITH HAND-PICKED TROOPS
YOUR PLANS FOR CONQUEST ARE SOLID AS FAR AS CEREBUS CAN SEE...
...BUT YOUR FORCES CONSIST MOSTLY OF RAW RECRUITS...
IF KRULL RETURNS WITH EVEN FIVE OR SIX THOUSAND PALNAN MERCENARIES THIRSTY FOR BLOOD, CEREBUS WOULD GIVE YOU TWO CHANCES OF HOLDING THE CITY FOR A NIGHT ...
... SLIM AND NIL!
CEREBUS HAS NEED OF YOUR SWIFTEST HORSE!
THAT CAMP VE PAST ON THE VAY HERE...
BUT WHERE ARE YOU GOINK?
CEREBUS HAS A PLAN!
BUT VE SHOULT DISCUSS IT!
DISCUSS IT, THEN
YOU CAN LET CEREBUS KNOW YOUR DECISION WHEN HE GETS BACK
HE HASS NO SNORT -- NO AR-RMOUR -- NOT EFEN A SKINNINK KNIFE
WHAT DO YOU THINK?
JA! I THINK SO, TOO!
I THINK I WOULT NOT LIKE TO BE IN KRULL'S SHOES RIGHT NOW...

ARE YOU GETTING ALL THIS DOWN GRIMES?
YESSIR, COMMANDER.
"KRULL APPROACHED THE BRIDGE AS RAIN CONTINUED TO FALL..."
"FLUROC AGAIN FACED A BRAVE CRUSH AND HE KNEW THAT ONCE MORE, AS THE GREATEST MILITARY GENIUS OF HIS TIME THAT HE..."
"SUDDENLY HE PAUSED!"
"HIS EYES NARROWED TO THIN SLITS OF WHITE-HOT INTENSITY!"
"TO A LESSER MAN'S EARS IT MIGHT HAVE SEEMED NOTHING MORE THAN THE RANDOM SNAPPING OF A TWIG..."
"BUT HE WAS KRULL, DEFENDER OF RIGHT AND JUSTICE AND YEARS OF TRAINING HAD HONED HIS SENSES TO RAZOR-SHARPNESS"
"HIS CAPE BILLOWING IMPRESSIVELY, HE SWEPT FORWARD."
COME ALONG, GRIMES!
YES, SIR...
COMING, SIR...
"KRULL SCANNED THE WOODS. THERE WAS THE SMELL OF IMMINENT DEATH AND BLOODSHED IN THE AIR. EVEN NOW DOZENS OF T'GITAN ASSASSINS MIGHT BE EDGING..."
P. PERHAPS, SIR I SHOULD RETURN TO FLUROC SO I AM NOT IN YOUR WAY WHEN...
ARE YOU... SUGGESTING... GRIMES, THAT I SHOULD DELAY DICTATING MY MEMOIRS...
JUST BECAUSE THERE IS A CHANCE OF YOUR GETTING TORN LIMB FROM LIMB BY BARBARIANS?
NOWB! NOWB! UBBA WUBBA WUBBAHUBBA TUBBATOBBAN WIMBUMWIM BABAWBAWIANS
I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW HAPPY I AM TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT...
I WAS STARTING TO GET VERY WORRIED ABOUT YOUR CONTINUED GOOD HEALTH, GRIMES.

I DON'T MEAN TO PRY SIR, BUT WHAT MADE YOU DECIDE TO WRITE YOUR MEMOIRS?
YOU KNOW OF THE TIME I DEFENDED FLURDO'S GATE WITH ONLY TWO DOGS AND A CRIPPLE AT MY SIDE?
HOW I HAD AN ARROW IN MY SHOULDER AND EVEN THOUGH I WAS DELERIOUS FOR A WEEK, HOW THE FOUR OF US HELD OFF THE CREAM OF GALFANN'S ARMY?
YES SIR...
AND YOU'VE HEARD OF THE TIME I WAS CRUCIFIED OUT IN THE DESERT...
HOW I WAS WITHOUT FOOD AND WATER FOR TWELVE DAYS...
HOW A CAMEL CAME BY TO SNIFF ME AND I RIPPED OUT ITS THROAT WITH MY TEETH AND ATE IT...
OH, YES SIR...
WELL...
I'M HOPING MY MEMOIRS WILL SHOW PEOPLE THAT EVEN MY LIFE ISN'T ALWAYS THAT GLAMOROUS...
NOW WHERE WAS I...?
AH!
"KRULL STARED INTO THE STYGIAN GLOOM OF THE SURROUNDING FOREST..."
"HIS NOSTRILS FLARED AND A LOW, MENACING ANIMALISTIC GROWL..."
"RRRRRR."
"RUMBLED IN HIS THROAT. HE KNEW THE WAYS OF THESE..."

UNH?!
GREETINGS TO YOU, O SONS OF THE LIVING TARIM...
WHAT? OH... eh... AND GREETINGS TO YOU, O INCONVENIENT OBSTACLE! I BID YOU LET US PASS FOR WE DOTH HAVE BUSINESS MOST PRESSING ...
SO!...
YOU CHOOSE TO NOT RETURN THE SACRED GREETING OF THE GRAUZWERG
YOU ARE AWARE OF THE PENALTY FOR THIS INSULT..?
SIR--DO YOU KNOW WHAT HE'S...
SHH--SOME KIND OF PRIEST-TALK --LET ME HANDLE THIS IDIOT...
WELL?
eh-- I FEAR MY MIND IS MOST FUZZY AND I AM... uh... VEXED WOULDST THOU REMINDETH MY MOST UNWORTHY SELF OF THE PENALTY?

BOW DOWN TRANSGRESSOR -- YOU MUST SHOW TARIM THAT YOU TRULY FEEL PENITENT FOR YOUR CRIME
AND YOU, BLONDE FLUNKY-- STEP FORWARD..
M-ME?
BUT I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!
GET OVER THERE, GRIMES ...
TRY TO KEEP HIM OCCUPIED WHILE I THINK OF A WAY TO...
KEEP YOUR HEAD LOWERED, INFIDEL!
AND RECITE THESE WORDS UNTIL TARIM GIVES YOU A SIGN!...
"FORGIVE ME TARIM!"
FORGIVE ME, TARIM!
FORGIVE ME, TARIM!
FORGIVE ME, TARIM!
FORGIVE ME TARIM!

FORGIVE ME, TARIM...!
FORGIVE ME TARIM...!
FORGIVE ME, TARIM!
BUT...
...BUT...
FORGIVE ME, TARIM!
SIR-- HE WANTS ME TO...
JUST DO WHAT HE TELLS YOU GRIMES-- I'M WORKING ON A PLAN...
FORGIVE...
MUNH!
NICE SHOT, KID...
CEREBUS THINKS THERE MIGHT BE A POSITION FOR YOU IN OUR ORGANIZATION
TARRRR

WHAT- uh-- SORT OF POSITION WERE YOU THINKING OF?
ACTUALLY, CEREBUS WAS THINKING OF MAKING YOU SUPERVISOR OF PRISONERS OF WAR...
THAT SOUNDS LIKE A LOT OF RESPONSIBILITY --HOW MANY PRISONERS OF WAR DO YOU HAVE?
JUST THIS ONE --BUT FROM WHAT CEREBUS HAS HEARD, HE SHOULD BE A HANDFUL...
OF COURSE, YOU MIGHT HAVE SOME IDEAS ON HOW TO KEEP HIM FROM ESCAPING...
WELL, HANDCUFFS WITH LOCKS ARE OUT. WHEN HE WAS CAPTURED BY LOWER FELDANS, HE PICKED THE LOCK ON HIS CUFFS WITH HIS EYETOOTH...
AND OF COURSE, HIS FINGERNAILS SHOULD BE KEPT TRIMMED... HMM... WHAT ELSE?

EPILOGUE

A WEEK LATER, IN LORD JULIUS' PRIVATE OFFICE IN PALNU...
LORD JULIUS! I BRING YOU BRAVE NEWS...!
YOU MEAN BESIDES THE MUD YOU'RE TRACKING ALL OVER MY NEW BROADLOOM?
FLUROC HAS FALLEN! THE BARBARIANS OF T'GITA HAVE TAKEN THE CITY-- THOUSANDS DIE EVEN AS WE SPEAK!
FLAMES SCORCH THE SKIES THE COLOUR OF BLOOD! HORDES OF SLAVERING, GODLESS...
IS THIS A MILITARY REPORT OR AN AUDITION?
LORD JULIUS-- WHAT ARE WE TO DO?!
YOU KNOW, I HAD A PREMONITION YOU WERE GOING TO ASK ME THAT...
I SAY WE SHOULD SUE FOR PEACE.
SUE FOR...? BUT, LORD JULIUS -- THESE...
...THESE ARE BARBARIANS!
MY BOY, HAVING LIVED TO THIS RIPE OLD AGE, THERE ARE THREE BASIC TRUTHS ABOUT LIFE I CAN VOUCH FOR...
ONE; YOU CAN'T TELL A BOOK BY ITS COVER. TWO: YOU CAN'T TELL A DIPLOMAT ANYTHING. AND THREE;
THE BARBARIAN HASN'T BEEN BORN YOU CAN'T BUY OFF WITH A WARM ALE, RAW MEAT AND SOME BEADS...

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND -- THEY'VE CUT OUR NORTHERN SUPPLY LINE! THEY'RE MASSING ON THE BORDER, ON THE ROAD, AT THE RIVER ...EVEN AT THE AKSHLIN CROSSING!
MASSING IN AKSHLIN?
OF COURSE THEY REALIZE THIS MEANS WAH!!
SEND IN THE ARMY!
BUT, SIR-- YOU SENT THE ARMY TO THE ONLIU BORDER ...
YOU SAID THAT ALL OF OUR OTHER BORDERS WERE SECURE! YOU SAID..
OH-- SO NOW IT'S MY FAULT...
THE BUCK STOPS HERE, EH?
I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW THAT IT HAS BEEN THE GOAL OF MY ADMINISTRATION FROM THE BEGINNING TO SEE THAT THE BUCK STOPS HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE
SIR?
FORGIVE ME, I WAS OVERCOME BY A WAVE OF RHETORIC...
HOW LONG DO WE HAVE TO RAISE AN ARMY?
THE T'GITANS WILL BE PREPARED TO MOVE SOUTH IN A FORTNIGHT, SIR
BRING ME A LIST OF MY POLITICAL ENEMIES IN VESSARIAT-- I WANT THE TOP-RANKING BUREAUCRATIC PEST PLACED IN CHARGE OF RAISING AND LEADING THE ARMY
YES, SIR--BUT WHY?
IF ALL THE REPORTS FROM THE FIELD ARE GOING TO BE THIS GRIM, I'M GOING TO NEED SOMETHING TO CHEER ME UP WHEN MY COMMANDER GETS KILLED...
YES, SIR! ANYTHING ELSE?
YES...
START PRAYING THIS IS MORE THAN A TWO-PART STORY!

CEREBUS
bi-weekly
July 14, 1989

This advertisement appeared in the original Cerebus No. 17

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CEREBUS bi-weekly
July 14, 1989
THE AARDVARKIAN AGE
Cerebus No. 17

This is the first appearance of the Aardvarkian Age by Michael Loubert

the aardvarkian age

by Michael Loubert

When the T'gitans reached Fluroc, the town's gates were shut. The Lord Daor Soiguinh, a Hsifan, held the town for Palnu. His heart was wroth, for he had but fifty trained men to defend the walls. These were light cavalrymen. Their horses were slain and the meat cured in preparation for a long seige.

On the third night of the siege, the T'gitans attempted a storming of the East or Sarthin Gate. They brought with them a felled tree, one end sharpened and shod in iron. They also brought with them torches, and crudely wrought ladders. When they neared the gate they raised a great shout and rushed forward.

The Lord Soiguinh, who was on the walls, heard the T'gitans' shout and hurried over with his fifty men. He reached the gate not long after the T'gitans did, and found all the townsfolk fled away. The gate was smote upon by the beam of wood, and the crude ladders were set upon the parapets.

But the Lord Soiguinh, his mind unclouded by fear, ordered his men to cast down the ladders, and shoot upon the barbarians who manned the beam of iron-shod wood, which they did. The T'gitans, surprised at this resistance, and so dismayed, left their ladders and engines of war, and fled the gate.

But when the sun arose, the council of the townsfolk beseeched Lord Soiguinh to parley with the barbarians without. The night assault had unnerved them, so all their thoughts were on saving their lives. The Lord Soiguinh refused, but the council exclaimed they would kill the Lord and his men, and open the gates themselves if he did not do as they said.

So at mid-day the East Gate was opened, and Lord Soiguinh and the council walked out under a flag of truce, into the camp of the barbarians. And when these were in the camp, and, it is presumed, deep in council with the T'gitan chiefs, they were all slain, and the East Gate rushed by T'gitan horsemen. These held the open gate for their footmen to enter.

The town was sacked, and the larger part of the townsfolk put to the sword. A few escaped south, to spread the tale of woe.

- from "A History of the House of Isoles"

* * *

There seems to be some overlapping in fandom, something I have an especial interest in, comics and wargaming. Below is a listing, set according to the WRG Rules (Ancients) of the armies of Palnu and T'gita. The percentages are approximate.

PALNU Pikemen 'reg C' HI pike, shield 60%
Peltasts 'reg C' LMI javelins, shield 10%
Conniptin Merc 'irreg C' LMI javelins, shield, 10%
Light Inf 'reg C' LI bow, shield 10%
Palnin Cav 'reg C' HC Kontos, shield 10%
Chinic Cav 'reg B' HC javelins shield 5%
Hsifan Merc 'irreg C' LC bow shield 5%

T'GITA Warriors 'irreg C' LMI javelins, shield 80%
skirmishers 'irreg C' LI javelins, shield 10%
Cavalry 'irreg B' MC javelins, shield 10%

For miniatures, I would use early Germans with a sprinkling of early Goths for the T'gitans.

The Palnin are a bit more difficult. Successor phalangites, peltasts and psiloi might do for the regular foot, celts for the Conniptins, Carolingians for the HC and Huns or Mongols for the Hsifans.

Next issue: A map of Palnu.

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CEREBUS
bi-weekly
July 14, 1989

This is the original letters page to Cerebus No. 17

AARDVARK COMMENT

- KITCHENER-ONTARIO N2G 1W5

Dear Dave & Denise,

I've put it off long enough. Now is the time to thank you for bringing a little more pleasure into my life. When I saw Star* Reach No. 1 I thought that finally comics had come of age. Top quality art and story even on a quarterly basis would be heaven for fans of the medium. Unfortunately the quality was not always consistent and the distribution schedule sometimes lagged months behind. The thrill was gone.

With Cerebus No. 1 I was captivated again, but wondered how long it could possibly last. Well, you've pulled it off and now on a monthly basis! I had my doubts on first learning of the monthly schedule, but with issue 15 you have my undying confidence. The art is as beautiful as ever and the story one of my favourites. And that Lord Julius (is that mustache real or is it just painted on?) is simply hilarious. You've done a wonderful thing for comic fandom and I hope things work out so you can keep it up for a long time.

Thanks again for your wonderful aardvark and best of luck with his evolution.

Leonard Litterel
" (no address with the letter)

Thank you, Leonard! As to Cerebus' evolution, the Earth-pig is of the opinion that once you've achieved perfection it's a good idea to quit before you mess up a good thing.

* * *

Dear Chroniclers of the Aardvarkian Age,

Today I ran across a copy of Cerebus 3 and eagerly snatched it up. It gave me a million laughs. This is the first I knew of the existence of the heroic Aardvarkian Age.

I am especially able to appreciate Cerebus 3, as Dave Smith (of CRON fame) and I are collaborating on a series of Red Sonja novels, scheduled to be published by Ace in 1981. We are aiming at bringing up the character of Sonja to at least a notch or two above the comic book character — more like Jerel of Joiry say, or Howard's original "Red Sonya" conception.

So, I found your lampoon of the comic book Sonja hilarious. I'm passing Cerebus 3 on to my co-author, Dave Smith, who I'm sure will be equally cracked up by it. I hope you're still publishing and will keep the Hyarkian lampoons rolling!

Dick Tierney
421 Dayton Ave., 4
St. Paul MN 55102

Somewhere in St. Paul, there just has to be a comic book shop with a more recent issue than 3. doesn't there? I have a feeling I don't really want to know the answer to that question. The project you describe, all kidding aside, sounds very interesting and I look forward to seeing the results sometime in '81.

* * *

Dear Dave,

I am glad to see you are back to publishing Cerebus once again. After the Comicart Convention in Philadelphia, Jan and I waited months for Cerebus 12 to come out. Now all of a sudden, 13 and 14 are available in the next day or so. I am going to send an order off to Bud Plant and get those three issues.

Recently I saw a one page advertisement in the Buyer's Guide for what must have been all the original pages you had left from Cerebus 1-12. Does this mean you will now be selling all of the Cerebus pages to dealers or will you still give your fans first crack at them? Mine is purely a selfish question since I do want to buy an original Cerebus page for myself. However, I would prefer to buy from you rather than from a dealer. For instance, will any of the pages from Cerebus 13 and 14 be available from you? Could you possibly send me a postcard with a simple yes or no answer? By the time I get your answer Bud Plant should have gotten those issues to me.

In any case, I am glad that you are back into full production. For a while there it seemed that you had so many convention commitments and other projects that Cerebus had been set aside. Please do not let that happen. It would be a loss too great to measure.

Jack Neigenf nd
101 Fried Drive
Dauphin, Pa 17018

This letter raises a number of interesting questions that I haven't really had time to answer in recent months, so all in one breath, here we go. 1) The confusion about our publishing schedule stems from the fact that issues 10 and 11 (when we were still bi-monthly) were done within a month of each other and I started issue 10 about two weeks before I ordinarily would have. Issue 12 was about a week and a half late getting to the printers, which made for a good three or four month gap between 11 and 12. 2) As a way of compensating for the lost income on issue 15, I sold all of the pages I had left from issues 1 through 15 to Harry Kremer. The Artman of New Jersey (Bruce Bergstrom) buys five pages from each issue before I make the pages available to the general public. So, if you really want to buy a page from me, your best bet is to list six alternates in order of preference from each issue and send it in to me. If, however, you are looking for a particular page from the most recent issue (like the one you're holding in your hands), your best bet would be to phone Bruce at (201) 947-1803 and reserve it. If he hasn't got it, call me at (519) 745-2113 and I'll reserve it for you. Complicated I know, but it's the best I can do with existing conditions. 3) Dan and I don't intend to go to any conventions for a long time to come — the book comes first. Conventions are definitely a spare time activity for us.

* * *

Dear Dave and Dan! -

I only found Cerebus a few months ago, and now I'm busily spending my money on back issues! He's great — I'm afraid I can't make the expert comments on the art work, layout, etc. that many of your letters seem to, but I've enjoyed every issue I've seen. (Have you ever tried to explain to your mundane co-workers that what you are having hysterics over on coffee break is a comic book about an aardvark? Luckily most of them already knew I was crazy — now all of them do.)

Since Cerebus doesn't care for human ladies under usual circumstances (and why should he? They aren't grey and furry and their ears are too short) I have you considered having Miss Piggy show up? A friend of mine suggested that they would make a good pair. I think Cerebus might like her, and I think she might like a change from green. Of course she'd probably have a few complaints if she had to do without some of her usual luxuries.

I'm glad you're trying a monthly

Cerebus bi-weekly
July 14, 1989
AARDVARK COMMENT
Cerebus No. 17

This is the original letters page to Cerebus No. 17

AARDVARK COMMENT

- KITCHENER-ONTARIO N2G 1W6

schedule, but don t do yourselves permanent damage trying to stay on it I know I'd gladly put up with fewer issues a year if the alternative was none at all! Good luck with the financial side of it, that is always the worst part of life, and not just for comic books We're cheering for you

Meg Garratt
"The Court of Cheos'
910 W Rosewood Ct
Ontario Calif 91762

Actually I believe Cerebus met up with Miss Piggy at last year's Funny Animal's Club Roast for Mickey Mouse. I'm pleased to report that he took her three falls out of five.

* * *

Dear Dave, Deni & Cerebus.

A week or so ago, a friend of mine knowing of my predilection for Groucho Marx, shoved a comic into my hands "You've got to read this," he said, "with a Groucho imitation." To forestall him from reading it out loud to me, in public yet, I opened Cerebus 14 to its first page and was interested By the second page I was riveted and by the third page I was enthralled Lord Julius is the best Grouch I've come across in a long time Yet, it wasn't the pseudo-Groucho who carried the comic, but rather the short, grey, furry member of the species Orycteropus. In a literary equivalent of the "munchies" I grabbed every Cerebus I could find

It was also a very nice surprise to find one of my favorite Marvel characters in issue 14

Congratulations on everything best of luck. Mazel tov Blessed be and Brill (?) Brill, Brill

P S Beware of paper cuts
Diane Morris
(alias Pitstop
Roundtrip and
Alias Smith)
6319 Peace Pipe,
San Antonio, Tx
78238

Interested Riveted and Enthralled? Didn't the Four Nightingales share star billing with them on the Orpheum Circuit? Who'll ever forget them? They don't make comedy teams like that anymore

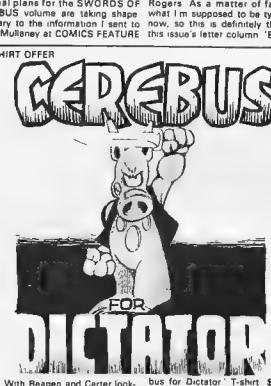
* * *

NOTES

The newsletter is here! Let the bells ring out, etc Our culprit is Fred Patten
Culver City, California 90230 He will be accepting news items, drawings and opinions relating to Cerebus until September 1st for the premiere issue Subscriptions can be had for $2.00 for four issues Make your cheques payable to Fred

Final plans for the SWORDS OF CEREBUS volume are taking shape Contrary to the information I sent to Dean Mullaney at COMICS FEATURE (sorry Dean) the book will not be one of the monthly issues It will more or less be A-V's answer to the idea of a Cerebus summer annual The first issue will be 104 pages, reprinting Cerebus 1-4, and there will be an eight to ten page story never before seen by human, etc etc entitled "Diamondback" This look at the Earth-pig s favourite pastime will be written, inked and lettered by me, over layouts by Marshall (Don MacGregor fan club) Rogers As a matter of fact that's what I m supposed to be typing right now, so this is definitely the end of this issue's letter column "Bye

T-SHIRT OFFER



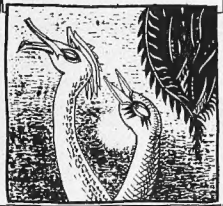
With Reagen and Carter looking like shoo-ins for their nominations, are you considering voting for "None of the above?" Dismayed because Pierre Trudeau has just taken out a twelve year mortgage on 24 Sussex Drive? Have you got the Tweedledee or Tweedledum Blues? Look no further than your nearest Earth-pig Cerebus lays it all on the line with his campaign for dictator Any protest from the opposition benches and he'll have them put to the sword Now you can join the grass-roots movement with your own "Cerebus for Dictator" T-shirt $5 75 ea + $1 00 postage and handling (Michigan residents please add 4% sales tax) 10% off for orders of 10 or more Canadian customers must pay duty upon receipt Comes in red, orange, yellow, kelly green, cobalt blue and white S,M,L,XL, please list first and second color choices Please allow four weeks for delivery Send orders to M Peterson, Ann Arbor, MI, 48104, USA
THE NO-NONSENSE CANDIDATE FOR THE NO-NONSENSE VOTER!

THE SINGLE BIBLICAL PAGE

ISAIAH EDITION

BECAUSE THE DAUGHTERS OF ZION ARE HAUGHTY

AND WALK WITH OUTSTRETCHED NECKS,



GLANCING WANTONLY WITH THEIR EYES, MINCING AS THEY GO

TINKLING WITH THEIR FEET;

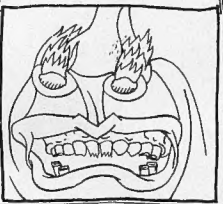
THE LORD WILL SMITE WITH A SCAB THE HEADS OF THE DAUGHTERS OF ZION,

AND THE LORD WILL LAY BARE THEIR SECRET PARTS.

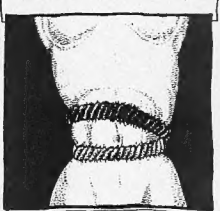
IN THAT DAY THE LORD WILL TAKE AWAY THE FINERY OF THE ANKLETS,

THE HEAD BANDS AND THE CRESCENTS; THE PENDANTS, THE BRACELETS, AND THE SCARFS

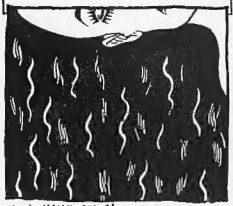
INSTEAD OF PERFUME, THERE WILL BE ROTTENNESS;



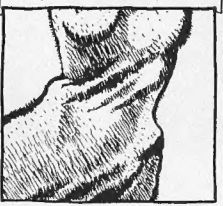
AND INSTEAD OF A GIRDLE, A ROPE;



AND INSTEAD OF WELL-SET HAIR, BALDNESS;



AND INSTEAD OF A RICH ROBE, A GIRDING OF SACKCLOTH;

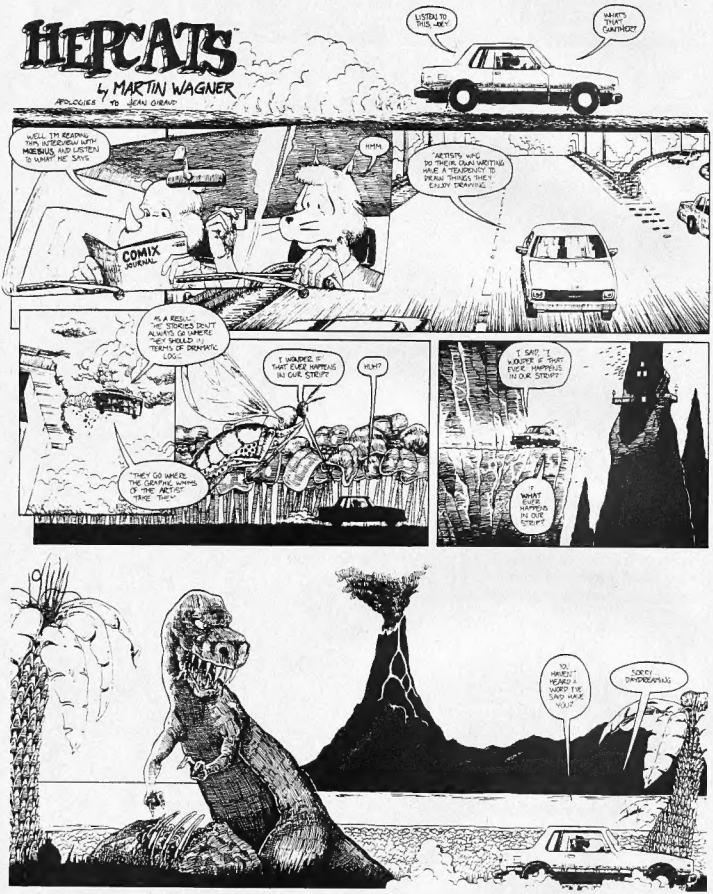


INSTEAD OF BEAUTY, SHAME.

text: ISAIAH 3:16-24

art: ©1989 CONSTANTINE MARKOPOULOS

YES! IT'S THE SINGLE PAGE! FEATURING...


HEPCATS
by MARTIN WAGNER
APOLOGIES TO JEAN GIRAUD
LISTEN TO THIS, JEAN!
WHAT'S THAT GUNTHER?
WELL, I'M READING THIS INTERVIEW WITH MOEBIUS, AND LISTEN TO WHAT HE SAYS
HMM
COMIX JOURNAL
ARTISTS WHO DO THEIR OWN WRITING HAVE A TENDENCY TO DRAW THINGS THEY ENJOY DRAWING
AS A RESULT, THE STORIES DON'T ALWAYS GO WHERE THEY SHOULD IN TERMS OF DRAMATIC LOGIC.
I WONDER IF THAT EVER HAPPENS IN OUR STRIPS
HUH?
"THEY GO WHERE THE GRAPHIC WHIMS OF THE ARTIST TAKE THEM."
I SAID, I WONDER IF THAT EVER HAPPENS IN OUR STRIPS
WHAT EVER HAPPENS IN OUR STRIPS
YO, HANK! HEARD A WORD I'VE SAID MUCH YOU?
SORRY, DAYDREAMING

HEPCATS MARTIN WAGNER'S ACCLAIMED COLLEGE COMIC STRIP, NOW AN EXCITING DEBUTING NEW COMICBOOK SERIES EVERY 6 WEEKS SPRING 89!

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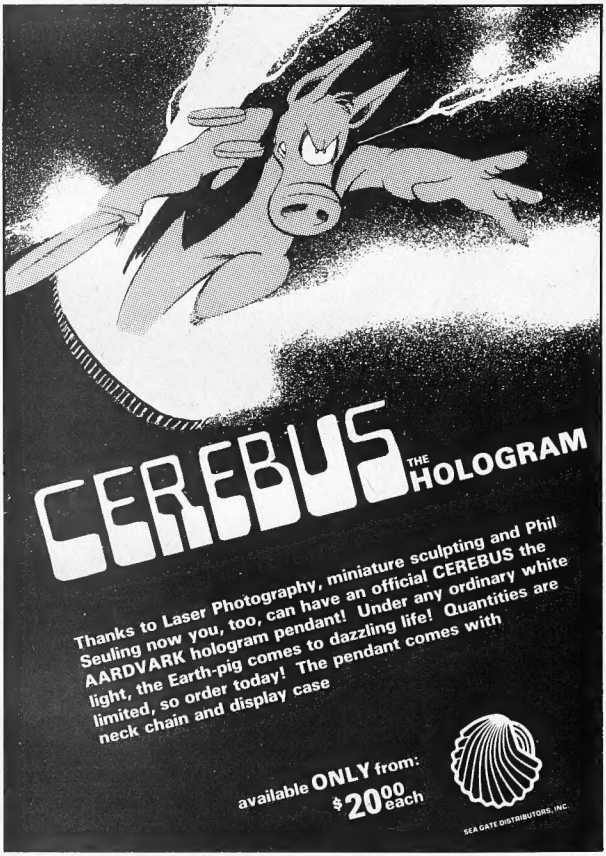
This advertisement appeared as the Inside Back Cover of Cerebus No. 17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the original back cover to cerebus number seventeen

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